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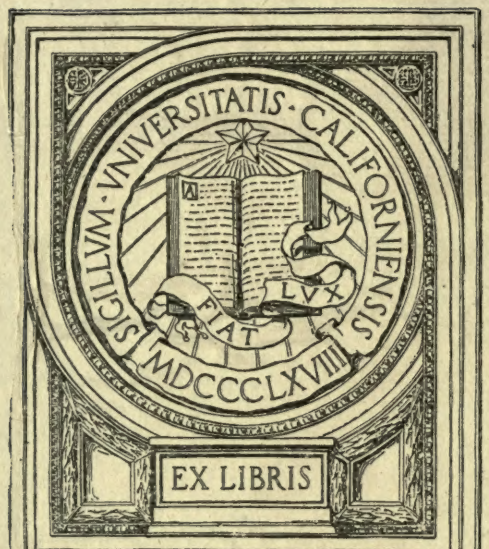

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

Date of the first known Edition 1661

(From the B.M. copy)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

This facsimile is from Kirkman's edition of 1661, *a copy of which is in the British Museum; another example is in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.*

This edition is the only one extant. The title-page says it was "printed and acted (a suggestive inversion of the usual custom: but see infra) *about a hundred years ago," i.e. in, say,* 1551. *There is no other trace of its having been either acted, printed, or even licensed; and whether Kirkman's was really a "second," or even a "first," or "third" impression is doubtful. The only evidence is that Baker ("Biographica Dramatica,"* 1764) *schedules "Tome Tylere and his Wyfe . . . . Anon. 4to.* 1598," *which suggests an intermediate impression between it and Kirkman's "second" to the "first," c.* 1551. *The entry is reproduced without change in the second and third editions of "Biographica Dramatica." On the other hand, Ritson ("Ancient Songs,"* 130) *seemingly quotes it as "first printed in* 1578." *According to this, four editions are suggested:—*

(1)	*The First (suggested by Kirkman)*	*c.* 1551.
(2)	*The Second (mentioned by Ritson)*	1578.
(3)	*The Third (quoted by Baker)*	1598.
(4)	*The Fourth (the only one extant)*	1661.

We know the fourth, which "fathers" the first; Collier, Dyce, Ward and others accept the second date; Halliwell follows the third: that is the record. On the other hand, it may be stated that there is no mention of the play in the advertisement lists of Rogers and Leys for 1656, *but in Archer's for the same year, five years prior to Kirkman's edition of the play, appears "Tom tyler, C," but with no mention of date.*

Since Kirkman's "second impression" the play was first reprinted typographically by Prof. Schelling in 1900, *and next by "The Early English Drama Society." It is now for the first time reproduced in facsimile.*

The authorship is unknown and suggestions are few. Baker, assigning no reason, attributed the play to W. Wager, the author of "The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool thou Art," but in truth, in both plays, there is little internal evidence to guide to decision.

A Bibliographical interest attaches to Kirkman's "True, perfect, and exact Catalogue" of all dramatic literature "ever yet printed and published till this present year 1661." *Believing that subscribers will welcome this also in facsimile, I am including it with the present issue as an integral part of the original.*

The original is badly printed and stained: this facsimile is a faithful reproduction of a poor copy.

JOHN S. FARMER.

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http://www.archive.org/details/tomtylerhiswife00londrich

TOM TYLER
AND
His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD
PLAY,

AS

It was *Printed* and *Acted* about a hundred Years ago.

Together, with an exact *Catalogue* of all the playes that were ever yet printed.

The second Impression.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1661.

The names of the Players.

Destinie, A ſage Parſon.
Deſire, The Vice.
Tom Tyler, A labouring Man.
Strife, *Tom Tylers* Wife.
Sturdie, A Goſſip.
Typple, An Ale-wife.
Tom Tayler, An Artificer.
Patience, A ſage Parſon.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

¶ THE PROLOGUE.

MY dutie first in humble wise fulfill'd,
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,
To represent, and eke to make report,
That after me you shall hear merrie sport.
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,
I mean a play set out by prettie boyes.
Whereto we crave your silence and good will,
To take it well: although he wanted skill
That made the same so perfectly to write,
As his good will would further and it might.
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,
For presently yee shall have it in sight.
Nor in my head such cunning doth consist,
They shall themselves declare it as they list.
But my good will I promised them to do,
Which was to come before to pray of you,
To make them room, and silence as you may,
Which being done, they shall come in to play.

Here entreth in Destinie and Desire.

I Represent the part that men report,
To be a plague to men in many a sort.
Destinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,
In wedding or hanging am taken for a fo,
Where as indeed the truth is nothing so.
Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine,
The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.
Desire. I am glad I met you.
Destinie. Whither set you?
Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,
To tell you such newes, as I cannot chuse.
Destinie. I pray you what is that?
Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?
Destinie. Yes marry, what than?
Desire. He made suite to me, his friend for to be,
To get him a wife, to lead a good life.
And so I consented, and was well contented,

To help him to woo, with all I could do.
And married he is.
Destinie. But what for all this?
Desire. Marry that shall you know, his wife is a shrow,
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.
Wherefore he speaks shame of thee and my name.
Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,
Or your deeds be noughtie, what am I faultie?
I know no cause why;
Desire. No more do I.
I did my good will, and though he sped ill,
I care not a Flie.
Destinie. Let them two trie.
They match as they can, the wife and good man,
In wealth or in wo, as matters do go.
And let us not mind, their lot to unbind,
But rather forget them.
Desire. Marry so let them.
For as for my part, though it long to my Art
Mens hearts to inflame, their fancie to frame
When they have obtained, I am not constrained
To do any more.
Destinie. Content thee therefore,
And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.
And let us away, as fast as we may,
For fear he come to you.
Desire. Marry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.

The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.

A Song. I Am a poor Tyler in simple aray,
And get a poor living, but eight pence a day,
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;
And I cannot help it, she saith; wot ye why,
For wedding and hanging is destiny.
I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep,
At boord to be friendly, to sléep when I sléep.
She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep; But

But I dare say nothing god wot, wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging is destiny.
Besides this unkindnesse whereof my grief grows,
I think few Tylers are matcht with such shrows;
Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows
Which early and late doth cause me cry,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.
The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,
The more I forbear her, the more she doth strike me,
The more that I get her the more she doth glike me;
Wo worth this ill Fortune that maketh me crie
That wedding and hanging is destinie.
If I had bée hanged when I had bén married,
My torments had ended, though I had miscarried;
If I had been warned, then would I have tarried;
But now all to lately I feel and crie,
That wedding and hanging is destinie.

The song ended, Tom Tyler speaketh

T. Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions;
By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my wife,
To leade such a life, with sorrow and grief,
As I tell you true, is to bad for a Jew.
She hath such skill, to do what she will,
To gossipand to swill, when I fare but ill.
I must work sore, I must get some more,
I must still send it, and she will still spend it,
I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.
What should I say, but high me away,
And do my work duly, where ich am paid truly?
For if my wife come, up goeth my bomme,
And she should come hither, and we met together,
I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.
I therefore will go hie me, and to my work plie me,
As fast as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.

Strife. Alasse silly man;
What a husband have I, as light as a flie?
I leap and I skip, I carry the whip,

And

And I bear the bell; If he please me not well,
I will take him by the pole, by cocks precious soul
I will make him to toil, when I laugh and smile;
I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,
And make him to find all things to my mind.
And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind,
And fain my self sick; there is no such trick,
To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.
I will teach him to know the way to Dunmoe.
At bord and at bed, I will crack the knaves head,
If he look but awry, or cast a sheeps eye:
So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,
To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.
And in the mean season, I will have my own reason;
And no man to controle me, to pil or to pole me,
Which I love of life.

Sturdie. God speed gossip Strife. Sturdie entreth.

Strife. Well met Goodwife Sturdie, both welcom and worthie
And ever I thank ye.

Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,
Ye are dew old huddle.

Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.
But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,
Let us have some chat.

Sturdie. Parry why nat?
For I am come hither, to gossip together,
For I drank not to day.

Strife. So I hear say.
But I tell you true, I thought not of you,
Yet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,
With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine,
If that thou wilt tarrie.

Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Mary;
Else were I a fool.

Here entreth Tipple, with a pot in her hand, and a piece of Bacon.

Tip. Marrie here is good rule.
A sight of good gueste.

Strife. Never a one lesse, now Tipple is come.

Tipple. And here is good bum, I dare boldly say.

Sturdie.

Sturdie. Why had not I some of this tother day?
Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.
Come, where shall we sit? and here is a bit
Of a Gammon of Bacon.
Strife. Well said by Laron.
Sit down even here, and fall to it there:
I would it were better for ye;
As long lives a merry heart as a sorrie.
Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he?
Strife. What careth thou where a dolt should be.
And where is your good man?
Tipple. Forsooth nought at home, he is abroad for pence.
Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,
Least my good man do misse me.
Strife. I would teach him John come kisse me,
If the dolt were mine.
Sturdie. Alas are you so fine!
Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here;
Strife. What and if he did?
Tipple. Marrie God forbid, the house would be too hot,
Strife. Now by this pewter pot,
And by this drink I will drink now,
God knows what I think now.
Sturdie. What think you Gossip Strife?
Strife. I had rather then my life,
My husband would come hither,
That we might busk together,
Ye should see how I could tame him.
Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,
If that he were displeased?
Strife. He shall be soon appeased,
If either he gaspeth or glometh. *Tom Tiler cometh in.*
Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh.
Away, by the Masse away, he will us all else fray.
Tom. These summer daies be derie drie.
Strife. Yea, that is a devil a lie.
A knave, what doth thou here?
Tom. Ich should have a pot of beer, a go to work again.

Strife.

Strife. Yea knave, shall honest men
Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,
To loyter to and fro? I will teach thee for to know
How fast the houres go. One, two, and three.
T. Tiler. I pray thee let be. *She beateth him.*
Strife. Four, five and six; Lord, that I had some sticks,
I would clapper claw thy bones,
To make you tell your stones,
The worser while I know you;
T. Tiler. Good wife I beshrew you;
I pray you leave tumbling.
Strife. Yea knave are you mumbling?
Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,
Till the blood go about.
T. Tiler. Now our Lord keep me out, *Tom Tiler goeth out.*
From this wicked wife.
Sturdie. Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;
Strife. Hold your peace fool, it is no news for me;
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.
Tipple. Here is good beer, quaff and be merrie.
Strife. I am half weatie with chiding already.
Sturdie. Keep your brains steddie,
And fall to your drinking.
Tipple. Nay fall to singing, and let us go dance.
Strife. By my troth chance, and let us begin,
Rise up gossips, and I will bring you in.

¶ Here they sing.

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,
More morter for Tom Tiler.

As many as match themselves with shrowes, *Strife*
May hap to carrie away the blowes, *singeth this staff.*
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
As many a Tyde both ebs and flowes,
So many a misfortune comes and goes,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though

Tipple *singeth this staffe.* Though Tilers clime the house to tile,
They must come down another while,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
Though many a one do seem to smile,
When Geese do wink, they mean some gile,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
Sturdie *singeth this staffe.* Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,
Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,
But teach her Tom another song. Here they end singing, and Tipple speaketh.
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Tipple. Alas poor Tom, his Cake is dow.
Sturdie. Ye may see what it is to meet with a shrow.
And now we have sung this merry fit,
Let us now leave gossiping yet.
Strife. Hold your peace fooles, ye have no wit
Fill in and spare not, I will in, I care not.
This drink is ipse, to make us all tipse.
And now gossip Sturdie, if I may be so worthie,
Half this I drink to you.
Sturdie. The headache will sting you, I fear me anon,
Therefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.
Strife. Tipple, What say you, will you drink no more?
Tipple. I have tippled sore I promise you plain,
Yet once and no more, have at you again.
Strife. Ho, pray God, ho.
Sturdie. Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho.

Here they sing again.

Another Song.

The Mill a, the Mill a,
So merily goes the mery Mill a.

LEt us sip, and let it slip,
And go which way it will a,

Let us trip, and let us skip,
And let us drink our fill a.
Take the cup, and drink all up,
Give me the can to fill a:
Every sup, and every cup,
Hold here, and my god will a.
Gossip mine, and Gossip thine,
Now let us Gossip still a:
Here is good wine, this Ale is fine,
Now drink of which you will a.
Round about, till all be out,
I pray you let us swill a:
This jelly grout, is jelly and stout:
I pray you stout it still a.
Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
Good drinkers think none ill a:
Here is your bag, here is your staffe,
We packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and *Tipple* speaketh first.

Tipple. So merily goes the merie mill a;
Hold, here is my can.
Sturdie. Nay I beseeche my hart than,
I must depart, therefore adieu.
Strife. Then tarrie and take us all with you.
Come Gossips, come. Here they go all in, and *Tom Tiler* cometh out.

T. Tiler. I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my degree,
Yet many have need of me to keep them cleen and dry;
And specially in the Summer time
To pin their tiles, and make their lime,
And tile their houses to keep out rain,
Being well rewarded for my pain,
And where I work by week or day,
I truly earn it and they truly pay;
I would desire no better life;

Except

Except that God would change my wife.
If she were gone, and I were free,
What tiler then were like to mée?
For howsoever I travel, she uses me like a Jabel,
And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a mouse;
Giving and granting, checking and taunting,
Bragging and daunting, flouting and flaunting.
And when I come home, she makes me a mome:
And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thomb,
With contrary biting too dear of reciting.
But this is the end, if I could get a friend
Some council to give me, you would not believe me
How glad I would be. Enter *Tom Tayler*.
T. Tailer. The wiser man he. Tom. Tiler how now?
T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?
Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,
Tapler-like I tell you.
T. Tyler. Ah sirra I smell you.
You have your hearts ease, to do what you please,
But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.
Tayler. Marrie that is well. But what if I have?
T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly good turn,
While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill fare?
Tayler. In faith I do not care.
But what meanest thou by this?
T. Tiler. To live in some blisse, and be rid of my wife.
Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?
T. Tiler. When I come in her clawes,
She guides me for ever; but help me now or never,
As I told thée before,
Put her in hell, and I care for no more.
Tayler. Why swifth knave, what hell should I have?
With a wild evil am I a Devil?
Thou art out of thy wit.
T. Tiler. No bum say not yet, though I am vext with a (fit
Of a liberal wife, that will shorten my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evil;
For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.
And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,
Which cannot do well, and therefore meter for hell,
Then here to remain.
Tayler. If the matter be so plain;
Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way
By words to intreat her, and after to beat her
If she will not be ruled.
T.Tiler. She is to well schooled with to many shrowes
To receive any blowes, never think so.
Tayler. If she be such a shrow, something at her throte.
Stand to it foolish calf, I will be thy half,
What will she fight?
T.Tiler. Yea her fingers be very light
And that do I find, her checks be so unkind.
Alwayes and ever, she is pleased never,
But fuming and freating, buffeting and beating;
Of this my silly coffard.
Tayler. A hoorson doffard. And what dost thou than?
T.Tiler. Like a poor man,
Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.
Tayler. Now of mine honestie I like thee the better.
And wouldest thou let her?
T.Tiler. Yea, and so would you, I tell you true,
If you were in my case.
Tayler. Nay then by Gods grace,
I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceive
By any such sort, ye shall see a good sport.
Put off thy coat and all thy apparel;
And for thy quarrel I will make speed.
And put on thy weed, come on and unray thee.
T.Tiler. And what now I pray thee.
Tayler. Come give me the rest.
T. Tiler. I wene you do jest. What meant you by this?
Tayler. No harm sir I wis.
Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,
Now am I well armed if now I be harmed.

I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tiler;
Now Thomas my friend, this is the end;
You say your wife will fight, her fingers be so light:
If she have such delight, I will conjure the sprite,
If she come near, while I tarrie here.
Therefore stand by, and when thou hearest me crie,
Come help me to cheer me.

T. Tiler. Nay I must not come néer thée, Here *Tom Tiler* goeth in a while.
Be certain of that.

Tayler. Well if you will not, make no more debating.

Strife. Ye knave are ye prating? Enter *Strife*.
When you should be at work, do you loiter and lurk?
Take that for your labour.

Tayler. Nay faith by your favour I will pay you again,
There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Yea knave are you striking?

Tayler. Yea whore, are ye gréeking?

Strife. In faith ye knave I will cool you.

Tayler. In faith ye whore I will rule you.

Strife. Yea knave are ye so fresh?

Tayler. Yea whoore I will plague your flesh.

Strife. And I will displease thée a little better;

Tayler. And in faith I will not die thy debter.
How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Patch.
Ah knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Tayler. Yea marrie, I love this gear alife.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Tayler. Kneel down and ask me forgiveness then.

Strife. Ah whoorson knave my bones is sore.

Tayler. Ah unhappie whore; do so then no more.

Strife. I pray thée be still, thou shalt have thy will.
I will do so no more, I am sorrie therefore.
I will never more strike, nor profer the like,
Alas I am killed.

Tayler. Nay thou art illwilled as thou hast bée e-
(ver.

But

But trouble me never, I advise thée again.
For I will train thée then.
Now praise at thy parting.

Strife. Wo worth overwharting that ever I knew,
I am beaten so blew, and my gall is all burst.
I thought at the first he had been a dolt.
But I hidled a Colt of a contrarie hare,
Soure sauce is now my chear.
Therefore I will away, for I get nought by this play;
And get me to bed, and dresse up my head.
I am so sore beaten with blowes. He fireth in.

Tayler. It is hard matching with shrowes.
I sée well enough the Damsel was tough,
And loth for to bend. But I think in the end
I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?
That he may know how all matters do stand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here sir at hand. How now (Tom Tayler?

Tayler. Much ado to quail her.
But I beléeve my girds do her grieve,
I dare be bold, she longs not to scold,
Nor use her old sport, in such devilish sort;

T. Tiler. I pray thée why so?

Tayler. I have made her so wo, so black and so blew,
I have changed her hew and made her to bend;
That to her lives end she will never offend
In word nor in déed. Therefore now take héed
She strike thée no more.

T, Tiler. Ich will stroke thée therefore;
And Tom God a mercy.

Tayler. She looked as fierce at her first coming in,
And so did begin with sowring of showes,
And fell to fair blowes.
But then I behide me, and she never spide me;
What I was I am sure. Therefore get thée [illegible]
And get thée to bed, whatsoever [illegible]
And care not a straw, for thou hast her in awe.

She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,
Nor give thée any ill word at bed and at board,
But grunting and groning, thou shalt find her moning
Her piteous case with a saint Johns face,
I warrant well painted, for I stroke till she fainted,
And paid her for all ever,
Till she said she would never be churlish again.
T.Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel then;
And if I be able, without any fable
I will quit thée.
Tayler. If she crossbite thée,
Hence forth evermore, beswinge her therefore,
And kéep her up short, from all her old sport.
And she will not be ruled, let her be cowled.
T. Tiler. But I dare say, she will think of this day,
All her life long.
Tayler. Shall we have then a good song,
For joy of this glée betwixt her and thée?
T.Tiler. By my troth if you will, I shall fulfil
As much as I can.
Tayler. Let us sing than
The tying of the Mare, that went out of square.
T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they sing.

Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,
Lest she stray from thee away;
Tie the mare Tomboy.

Tom Tiler singeth.

TOm might be merrie, and well might fare,
But for the haltering of his Mare,
Which is so wicked to fling and flie,
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tailer singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,
His mare doth prance, his mare doth kick;

She frorts and holds her head so hie,
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom crie hayt, or Tom crie hoe,
His mare will straight give Tom a blos,
Where she doth bait, Tom shall abie.
Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such sport,
I give thée councel to kéep her short.
If she be coltish, make her to crie.
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and *Tom Tayler* first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,
Let her run no more at large.
But now she is so well framed,
If she do ill you must be blamed,
Therefore take hard hæd.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indéed.
And I thank you for your pain,
As I am bound I tell you plain.

Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, *Tom Taylor goeth in.*
Till you come where I do dwell.

T. Tiler. Ah sirra this is trim, that my wife is coold (by him.
I marbel how she fark the matter;
And how she will fark when I come at her;
And whether she be well or sick;
For my part I doe not stick
To do my dutie as I ought,
Yet will I never die for thought,
I will go hie me home. *Tom Tyler goeth in.*

Here entereth *Sturdie* and *Tipple*.

Sturdie. Farewell good honest moms.

Tipple

Tipple, How likest thou this match?
Wouldst thou have thought the Patch,
Would have beat his wife so black and blew from top to (toe
Being such a simple fool?
Tipple. Belike he hath learned in a new school
Whereat I cannot chuse but laffe,
The still Sow eateth up all the draffe.
Beware of such wily Pies.
Sturdie. But she, an she be wise,
Will seek some way to rok him.
Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the (better.
Sturdie. If she can do so, let her;
I dare be bold to say, she will do what she may.
Lo here she cometh crèping,
Alas for wo and wèeping,
The truth will now appear.
Strife. Alas and well away.

Enter *Strife* fair and softly, wailing and weeping.

Strife. How ill have I been used, my bones be all to (bruised.
My flesh is plagued vily, and my head is wounded vily.
My arms be back and blew, and all my sides be new.
Sturdie. Though all this be with you Gossip, discom= (fort never.
Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.
But trust his hands no more.
Strife. Alas I am so sore,
I can neither stand nor sit but am beside my wit;
And never well apaid, till that I may be laid
To ease me on my bed.
Sturdie. Bind this about your head,
And hardly lay you down, we must into the town;
And after that, surely then we will come to you again;
And I pray you be of good chèer.
Tipple. I am sorrie to sèe you here
In such unhappie case, but take some heart of grace,

God Gossip I pray you.

Strife. Alas neighbours, I stay you
From your business perhaps, but I will take a nap,
If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. Then we will see you again by and by.

Sturdie and *Tipple* goeth out, and *Tom Tiler* cometh in.

T. Tiler. I heard say my wife is abominable sick,
Indeed she was beat with an unhappie stick,
Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,
That is well said I will get me to bed,
And lay me hard by her, and yet not too nie her,
For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,
For using me so.

Strife. Out alas, O, O,
My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones, !
Alas, alas, I die. O husband, husband why,
Why have you done so? I was never your foe,
So much as you make me, and so you may take me,
If I have you offended, it shall be amended.
Alas wherefore should ye beate me a so soare?

T, Tyler. You would be still never, but buffet me, (ever,
And Gossip at will, when I must work still.
And take ill your pleasure, and braul without measure
And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,
God sendeth now, short hornes to a curst Cow.
I come home merrily, when you sit verily
Lowring and pouting, knawing and lowting.
And I was your noddy, as unth as no body.

Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,
Should beare with my folly, and you being holly,
Might counsel me, tho not beating me so.
I thought I should find, you loving and kinde,
And not of this minde.
For us to war foes, for such crewel blowes,
I tell you plaine, I married my bane,

Whom

When I married thee, as far as I see.
T. Tiler. Wife I am sorrie, this ill is betalne ye.
But I tell you true, the fault was in you.
For till this day, I dare boldlie say,
I never did proffer you such an offer;
It was your owne seeking.
Strife. I beshrew such striking.
So close by the ribs, you may strike your ribs
So, well enough.
T. Tiler. This rage and this ruffe
Need not to be, wife if ye love me,
Let us agree, in love and amitie,
And do so no more, I am sorry therefore.
I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge,
Should happen to be, between you and me.
Strife. Alas, I may mone I might have been woone
With half these strokes, but curstnesse provokes
Kind hearts to dissever, and hatred for ever
Most commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye;
While we two have life.
T. Tiler. By my halydome Wife;
Because you say so, now shall ye know
If you will content you, that I do lament you.
For I will tell you true, When I saw you
Over brawling and fighting, and over crossebiting,
Which made me still wo, that you should thus do;
At last hereafter, I complaind the matter
To Tom Tayler my Gaffer, who taking a waffer
Did put on my coat, since ye will néds know it;
And so being disguised, he interprised
To come in my steed; and having my wéed
You pleading your passion after the old fashion;
Thinking it was I, stroke him by and by,
Then straight did he in stéd of me,
Carrie your bones, as he said for the nones,
To make you obey.

Strife. Is it even so as you say?
Gods fish you knave, did you send such a slave
To revenge your quarrel in your apparel?
Thou sh alt abide as dearlie as I.
I thought by this place, thou hadst not the face
To beat me so sore. Have at thée once more.
I now war fresh to plague a knaves flesh
That hath so plagued me, for everie blow thrée.
Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.
Ah whoreson Dolt thou whorson subtle Colt;
Son of an Dre, how like you your knocks?
The pils and the pox, and the poison in box
Consume such a knave, and bring him to grave.
The Crowes and the Pies, and the verie flesh flies
Destre to plague thée. In faith I will plague thée.
T. Tiler. O wife, wife, I pray thée save my life.
You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,
For Gods sake content thee.
Strife. Nay thou shalt repent thée.
That ever Tom Tayler, that Ruffian and railer
Was set to beat me. he had better he had eat me;
I hope for to find some tosser so kind
To currie that knave. for the old grudge I have,
As now I do thée: there is one more for me.
Kneel down on your knée, you hoddie doddée;
I will make you to stop though you set cock on hop
For love of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.
Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,
Like an asse as you be.
T. Tiler. Why should you strike me
For another mans fault?
Strife. Because thou art naught, Enter *Sturdie* and *Tipple*.
And be a vile knave.
Sturdie. What more can ye have?
Enough is enough, as good as a feast.
Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet more like a beast.
Tipple. Gossip content thée, and strike him no more.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her therefore.
Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her sight.
T. Tiler. Alas she hath almost kild me out right.
I will rather die then see her again. Go in *T. Tiler.*
Strife. I promise you, I have a great losse then,
How like ye now this last overthwarting?
It is an old saying, praise at the parting.
I think I have made the Cullion to wring.
I was not beaten so black and blew,
But I am sure he has as many new.
My heart is well eased, and I have my wish,
This chasing hath made me as whole as a fish.
And now I dare boldly be merrie again.
Sturdie. By saint Mary you are the happier then.
My neighbour and I, might hap to abie,
If we should so do, as he suffereth you;
But we commend you.
Strife. I can now intend you,
To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my staff,
To dance or to sing.
Tipple. There were no such thing, after this madness.
Sturdie. And ye say it in sadness,
Let us set in, on a merrie pin.
The storie of the strife, between Tom and his wife,
As well as we can.
Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in?
For I can best do it.
Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

Here they sing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,
The Tylers wife of our Town,
Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

TOm Tiler was a trifeler,
And fain would have the skill

To practise with *Tom Tayler*,
To break his Wives will.
Tom Tayler got the victorie,
Till *Tylers* Wife did know,
It was a point of subtiltie;
Then *Tom* was beat for two.
Thomas Tilers Wife said evermore
I will full merrie make,
And never trust a man no more
For *Thomas Taylers* sake.
But if *Tom Tiler* give a stroke,
Perhaps if he be stout,
He shall then have his coward broks,
Till blood go round about.
Though some be sheep, yet some be shrowes,
Let them be fools that lust:
Tom Tilers wife will take no blows,
No more then needs she must.
If *Tom* be wise, he will beware,
Before he make his match,
To do no further then he dare,
For fear he prove a Patch.

Here they end singing.

Strife. Gossips, godlige for this mrerie song;
Pray God we may long keep such merrie glee.
Sturdie. Be marrie say we,
God grant all wives, to lead the like lives
That you do now.
Tipple. I know not how that may come to passe,
But by the Masse, good handling doth much.
Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.
Sturdie. Would God I could plant,
My eye-lids in such sort, to make such a sport,
And live so at ease, to do what I please.
Tipple. Alwaies the Seas
Be not like mild, but wanton and wild
Sometime more higher, then need shall require;
So may the hap be with you and with me.

Strife.

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,
And let us away, for I dare say,
Tom Tiler is gone to make his mone,
After these strokes, like a wise Coake;
But all is one.
Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.
Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and *Tom Tayler*, *Tom Tiler*, and *Destinie* enter.

T. Tiler. If *Destinie* drive poor *Tom* for to live.
For ever in strife with such an ill wife;
Then *Tom* may complain, no more to remain
Here on the earth, but rather wish death.
For this is too bad.
Tayler. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?
T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.
After the old fashion, pleading on passion
If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it.
If Destinie say it, I cannot deny it.
Destinie. Nor I cannot stay it.
For when thou wast born, thy luck was forlorn.
Therefore content thee, and never repent thee.
T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee.
For I am sure you know, I charmed your shrow,
With such cruel blowes, by the faith that now goes
I thought she would die.
T. Tiler. Then happie were I.
Tayler. And a good cause why,
But you may now go for bacon to Dunnio.
T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know, of Destinie now;
How long and how my life shall it passe.
Tayler. Why foltih asse, that were but a follie.
For he is to hollie to tell any news.
Destinie. I do not use, to tell ore I strike,
I suddenly gleek, ore men be aware.
Tayler. Then I can declare if I lok in thy hand,
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. Here, do what ye lift.
Tayler. By my troth I wift it, and have not mift it.
He ſtriketh him on the cheek.
By the ſign that here goes, you are born to take blowes.
Tarrie, let me lok again.
Tom Tyler. Nay beſhrew my heart then.
Tayler. Aske Deſtinie hereby, and I make a lie.
Deſtinie. No, you do not indeed.
T. Tyler. Then I will change my weed,
And tyle it no more, if my chance be ſo ſore,
As you two doe make it.
Deſtiny. We do not miſtake it,
Thereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,
Five foot from the ground, ye ſhall never be drownd.
So if you be borne, to hold with the horne,
How ſoever your wife ſet it, you cannot let it.
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,
Take this for verity, all is but your deſtiny.
And though your deedes prove naught,
Yet am I not in fault.
T. Tiler. Then let me be taught, how to eſchew,
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.
Deſtiny. Yea, but who can inſtruct you thereon?
For all is no more then I have ſaid before.
But howſoever it be, learn this of me,
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,
It ſhall never grieve you.
Tayler. No faith, I believe you,
That is even all. He that loves thrall,
It were pittie he ſhould lack it.
T. Tyler. Then I muſt pack it
Between the coat and the skin,
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,
Since I am married with Strife,
Hap good hap, will, hap good, hap evil;
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler.

Tayler. That is a wise way.
Never set at thy heart, thy wives churlish part,
That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to feel.
It would grieve any Saint. Enter Strife.
Strife. Take a pensil, and paint your words in a table,
That the fools may be able to know what to doe.
Destiny. Here is one comes to woo,
By the Masse I will not tary. Destiny goeth in.
Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye,
To stand prating with knaves.
Tayler. Mark how she raves, she longues for a whip.
Strife. Ye faith good man blabberlip.
You pricklouse knave you, have you nothing to do
At home with your shreds? a player of wife heads
I promise you you have. But you doltish knave,
Come home, or I will fetch you.
Tayler. Now a halter stretch you.
And them that sent you. Enter Patience.
Pacience. Good friendes, I pray you content you.
Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee good wife?
Be patient for all.
Strife. And shall the knave braul
And make discord to be, betweene my husband and me.]
Pacience. Why how are you he
That setteth debate, and disposed to prate?
I pray you be still.
Tayler. Marry with a good will.
As God shall save me, I did behave me
As well as might bee, as these folkes did see.
Till this gigish dame, into this place came
But she is too too bad.
Patience. And I count him mad,
That for any st. will compare his wit,
And with a foolish woman to wander,
He is as wise as a Gander.
You are too much to blame, and you to for shame,
Leave your old canker, and let your sheet anker

We alwayes to hold, where I patience am bold
If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,
It doth not agree, though Desteny be
Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,
In wealth and in wo, I am sure you know,
There should be no strife, betweene man and wife
And thus my tale endes, I would have you all friends
And I would have Tom tayler to be no rayler,
Nor Tom tyler to chide, which I cannot abide.
Nor his wife for to shew, any prankes of a shrew.

T. Tyler. Ich would god it were so, for I bid the wo.
Ich with it for my part, even with all my heart.
For howsoever it goes, I beare the blowes,
Which I tell you I like not.

Tayler. Though I chide, I strike not,
Your Mastership doth see.

Strife. I beshrew his knaves heart, that last stroke me.

Patience. Well once againe let this foolishnes be.
And as I told you, so I pray you hold you,
For I will not away, till I set such a stay,
To make you gree friendly, that now chafe unkindly,
Come on Strife I finde, your churlish kinde.
You must needes bridle, if it be possible,
For els it were vaine, to take any paine.
Make Tom by the fist, and let me see him kist,

Strife. If Patience intreat me,
I will though Tom beate me.

T. Tyler. Well wife, I thanke you.

Patience. Nay whither away prank you?
Tom Tayler also, shall you kiss ere you go,
And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kist both the endes.

Tayler. Nay, there a boate coale

Patience. Now see this wilde Foale.
Be quiet I pray you, for therefore I stay you.
And Desteny to thee, thou must also agree,
As well as the rest.

Enter *Desteny*

Desteny

Destenie. I think it so best.
Be you agreed all?
All speak. We are, and we shall.
Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,
And I will lead the dance.
Come sing after me, and lok we agree.

Now speak altogether, except *Patience*.

Here they sing this Song.

A Song.

Patience entreateth good fellows all,
Where Folly beateth to break their brawll,
Where wills be wilfull, and Fortune thrall,
A patient party perswadeth all.

Though Strife be surdy to move debate,
As some unworthy have done of late.
And he that worst may the candel carry,
If Patience pray thee, do neber barry.

If froward Fortune hap so awrie,
To make thee marry by Destenie,
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience perforce if thou endure,
It will be better thou mayest be sure,
In wealth or wo, howsoever it ends,
Wheresoever ye go, be patient Friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this Song following all alone with instruments, and all the rest within sing between every staffe, the first two lines.

The concluding Song.

When sorrowes be great, and hap awry,
Let Reason intreat thee patiently.

A Song.

Though pinching be a priuie pain,
To want desire that is but vain.
Though some be curst, and some be kind
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

Who sits so hie, who sits so low?
Who feels such joy, that feels no wo?
When bale is bad, good boot is my
Take all adventures patiently.

To marrie a sheep, to marrie a shrow,
To meet with a friend to meet with a foe,
These checks of chance can no man flie,
But God himself that rules the skie.

Which God preserve our Noble Queene,
From perilous chance that hath been seen,
And send her Subjects grace say I.
To serve her Highnesse patiently.

God save the Queen.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Sen Clerk: all be
ye last Sentence

A True, perfect, and exact Catalogue of all the Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-Comedies, Pastorals, Masques and Interludes, that were ever yet printed and published, till this present year 1661, all which you may either buy or sell at the several shops of *Nath. Brook* at the Angel in *Cornhil*, *Francis Kirkman* at the *John Fletchers Head*, on the Back-side of St. *Clements*, *Tho Johnson* at the Golden Key in St. *Pauls* Churchyard, and *Henry Marsh* at the Princes Arms in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*, 1661.

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A

Names of the Authors.	Names of the Playes.	
Will. Shakespeare	AS You like it.	C
Will. Shakespeare	Alls well that ends well.	C
Will. Shakespeare	Anthony & Cleopater.	T
Lord Sterling	Alexandrian Tragedy.	T
Lord Brooks	Alaham.	T
Geo. Peele	Alphonsus Emp. of Germany.	T
John Webster	Appius and Virginia.	T
Ja. Shirley	Arcadia.	P
Will. Rowly	Alls lost by lust.	T
Rich. Brome	Antipodes.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Albovine.	T
Hen. Glapthorne	Albertus Wallenstein.	T
Hen. Glapthorne	Argalus and Parthenia.	P
Shak. Marmion	Antiquary.	C
Tho. Randoll	Aristippus.	I
Tho. Randoll	Amintas.	C
	Arden of Feversham.	T
Cyryll Tourneur	Atheists Tragedy	T
John Jones	Adrasta.	C
Nat. Field	Amends for Ladies.	C
Dr. Maine.	Amorous War.	C
Rob. Cox	Acteon and Diana.	I
Torquato Tasso	Aminta.	P
John Studly	Agamemnon.	T
Sir John Suckling	Aglaura.	TC
Leonard Willan	Astrea.	P
Tho. May	Antigone.	T
Lod. Carlile	Arviragus & Philicia, 1st. part.	TC
Lod. Carlile	Arviragus & Philicia, 2d. part.	TC
John Marston	Antonio and Melida.	T
John Marston.	Antonio and Melida.	T
Tho. May	Agrippina.	T
E. W.	Apollo Shroving.	C

John Lilly	Alexander and Campaspe.	C
	Albumazar.	C
Henry Porter	Angry women of Abington.	C
Ben. Johnson	Alchuniſt.	C
T. Lupton.	All for money.	T
Geo. Chapman	All fooles.	C
Nic. Trotte	Arthur.	T
Will. Shakeſpeare	The Arraignment of Paris.	P
La. Pembrook	Antonius.	T
	Albions Triumph	M
R. C.	Alphonſus King of Arragon.	H
	Alarum for London.	H
R. B.	Appius and Virginia.	T
	Andromana.	T
Bernard	Andrea in Terence.	C
	Adelphus in Ter.	C
	Abrahams Sacrifice.	
	Albion.	I

B

John Fletcher	BEggars Buſh.	C
John Fletcher	Bonduca.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Bartholmew Fair	C
	Baſtard.	T
John Fletcher	Bloody Brother.	T
Ja. Shirley	Bird in a Cage.	C
Ja. Shirley	Ball.	C
Ja. Shirley	Brothers.	C
Tho. Heywood	Brazen Age.	C
Phil. Maſſinger	Bondman.	C
Phil. Maſſinger	Baſhfull lover.	C
Geo. Chapman	Blind beggar of Alexandria.	C
Geo. Chapman	Buſſy D'Amboys.	T
Geo. Chapman	Buſſy D'Amboys Revenge.	T
Geo. Chapman	Byrons conſpiracy.	H
Geo. Chapman	Byrons Tragedy.	T
John Ford	Broaken heart.	T
Tho. Nabs	Bride.	C
T. D.	Bloudy Banquet.	T
Sir John Suckling	Brenoralt.	T
	The Battel of Alcazar.	T
John Day	The blind Beggar of Bednal green	C
Tho. Middleton	Blurt Mr. Conſtable.	C
	Band Ruff & cuff.	I
Howard	Blind Lady.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Britannia Triumphans.	M
	Bottom the weaver.	I

C

Will. Shakeſpeare	COmedy of Errors.	C
Will. Shakeſpeare	Coriolanus.	T
Will. Shakeſpeare	Cymbeline.	T
John Fletcher	Cuſtome of the Country.	C

John

John Fletcher	Captain.	C
John Fletcher	Coxcomb.	C
John Fletcher	Chances.	C
Dr. Mayne	City Match.	C
Lord Sterling	Crœsus.	T
Ben. Johnson	Christmas his Mask.	M
Ben. Johnson	Cloridia, rites to Cloris.	M
Midleton & Rowly	Changling.	C
John Fletcher	Cupids revenge.	T
Ia. Shirley	Changes, or love in a Maze.	C
Ia. Shirley	Chabot Admirall of France.	T
Ia. Shirley	Constant Maid.	C
Ia. Shirley	Coronation.	C
Ia. Shirley	Cardinal.	T
Ia. Shirley	Court secret.	C
Tho. Heywood	Chalenge for beauty.	C
Tho. Middleton.	Chast maid in Cheapside.	C
Alex. Brome	Cunning lovers.	C
Rich. Brome	Court Beggar.	C
Rich. Brome	City wit.	C
Geo. Chapman	Cæsar & Pompey	T
Sir W. D'Avenant	Cruel Brother.	T
Tho. Goffe	Couragious Turk	T
Ant. Brewer	Country girle.	C
Dawbourne	Christian turn'd Turk.	T
Tho. Nabs	Covent garden.	C
	Charles the 1st.	T
Tho. Goffe	Careleffe Sheppardesse.	TC
	Cupids Whirligigg.	C
John Kirke	Champions of Christendome.	H
Ia. Shirley	Cupid and Death	M
	Combat of Caps.	M
Sheppard.	Committe-man	C

Rob. Mead.	Combat of Love and Friendship.	C
	Costly Whore.	C
Tho. Killigrew.	Claracilla.	TC
Tho. May	Cleopatra.	T
Sam. Daniel	Cleopatra.	T
Tho. Carew	Cœlum Britannicum.	M
Ios. Rutter	Cid 1st. part.	TC
Ios. Rutter	Cid 2d. part.	TC
Earl of Newcastle	Country Captain	C
Geo. Sands	Christs Passion.	T
Will. Shakespeare	Cromwels History	H
John Swallow	Cynthia's Revenge.	T
Ben. Johnson	Cynthia's Revels	
Ben. Johnson	Catilines conspiracy.	C T
Tho. Preston	Cambises King of Persia.	TC
Tho. Kyd	Cornelia.	
Phil. Massenger	The City Madam	T
Sir W. D'Avenant	The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru.	C M
Ben. Johnson	The Case is altred	
	Cæsar's Revenge.	C
	Cyrus King of Persia.	T T
Rob. Wilson	The Coblers prophesie.	C
Nat. Woods	Conflict of conscience.	P
Rob. Fraunce	The Counnesse of Pembrooks Ivy-church.	P
	Crafty Cromwel	
	Cromwel's conspiracy.	T T
	Cruel Debtor.	
	Comons conditions.	(
Webster & Rowly.	Cure for a Cuckold.	

D

John Fletcher	Double marriage.	C
Lord Sterling	Darius.	T
Ben. Iohnson	Divel is an Asse.	C
Ia. Shirley	Dukes Mistresse.	TC
Ia. Shirley	Doubtful heir.	TC
Phil. Massinger	Duke of Millain.	T
Rich. Brome	Damoyselle.	C
Iohn Webster	Divels Law case.	TC
Iohn Webster	Dutchesse of Malfy.	T
Chr. Marloe	Doctor Faustus.	T
Tho. Ingelend	Disobedient child.	I
Geo. Peele	David and Bathsabe.	TC
Lewis Machin	Dumb Knight.	C
Tho. Heywood	Dutches of Suff.	H
Iohn Tateham	Distracted State.	T
Iohn Marston	Dutch Courtezan	C
	Darius Story.	I
Barnabe Barnes	The Devils charter.	T
	Doctor Dodipol.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Drakes History 1st. part.	M
Marloe and Nashe	Dido Queen of Carthage.	T
	Damon and Pythias.	H
Lod. Carlile	The Deserving Favourite.	TC
Rob. Baron	Deorum Dona.	M
	Dick Scorner.	
	Destruction of Jerusalem.	
	Don Quixot, or the Knight of the ill-favoured countenance.	C

E

Iohn Fletcher	Elder Brother.	C
Ia. Shirly	Example.	C
Tho. Heywood	English Traveller	C
	Edward the 4th. 1st. part.	C
	Edward the 4th. 2d. part.	C
Phil. Massinger	Emperour of the East.	C
Chr. Marloe	Edward the 2d.	
Tho. Nabs	Entertainment on the Princes Birth day.	T I
Chapman, Iohnson	Eastward hoe.	C
Geo. Peele	Edward the 1st.	H
Tho. Heywood	Elizabeths troubles, 1st. part.	H
Tho. Heywood	Elizabeths trouble, 2d. part.	H
T. R.	Extravrgant Shepheard.	C
Iohn Lilly	Endimion.	C
Ben. Iohnson	Every man in his humour.	C
Ben. Iohnson	Every man out of his hu-	C

C. W.	Electra of Sophicles.	T
	Edward the 3d.	H
Rich. Brome	The EnglishMoor or the Mock-marriage.	C
	Every Woman in her humour.	C
	Interlude of Youth.	I
Sir Will. Lower	The Enchanted Lovers.	P
	Enough's as good as a Feast.	
Bernard	Eunuchus in Terence.	C

F

Iohn Fletcher	FOur Playes in one.	C
Iohn Fletcher.	Faithfull Shepardesse.	P
Iohn Fletcher	Fair Maid of the Inne.	C
Tho. Heywood	Fair Maid of the West, 1st. part.	C
Tho. Heywood	Fair Maid of the West, 2d. part.	C
Tho. Heywood	Fortune by land and Sea.	C
Tho. Heywood	Four London Prentices.	H
Phil. Massinger	Fatal dowry.	T
Midleton & Rowly	Fair Quarrel.	TC
Iohn Ford	Fancies.	C
Shak. Marmion	Fine companion.	C
	Fleire.	C
	Fair Maid of the Exchange.	C
Will. Strode	Floating Island.	C
Robert Green	Frier Bacon.	C
	Fair Em.	C
Iohn Marston	Fawne.	C
	Faithful Shepheard.	P
Iohn Fletcher	False one.	T
	Fatal Union.	T
Ben. Iohnson	Fortunate Isles.	M
	Flowers.	M
Ben. Iohnson	Fox.	C
Tho. Iordan	Fancies Festivals.	M
Lod. Carlile	The Fool would be a favourite, or the discreet Lover.	TC
Geo. Gerbier D'ouvilly	The False Favourite disgrac'd.	TC
Will. Hemings	The Fatal contract.	T
Tho. Norton	Ferex and Porex.	T
Tho. Middleton	Family of Love.	C
Tho. Decker	Fortunatus.	C
	Freewill.	T
Gilb. Swinhoe	The Fair Irene.	T
Rich. Fanshaw	The Faithfull Shepheard.	P
	Fair Maid of Bristow.	
	Fidele and Fortunata.	
	Fulgius & Lucrel.	

G

Will. Shakespeare	GEntlemen of Verona.	C
Ia. Shirly	Gamester.	C
Ia. Shirly	Gentleman of Venice.	TC
Ia. Shirley	Gratefull Servant.	C
Tho. Heywood	Golden Age.	H
Phil. Massinger	Great Duke of Florence.	C
Phil. Massinger	Guardian.	C
Tho. Middleton	Game at chesse.	C
Iohn Cook	Greens tu quoque.	C
	Ghost.	C
	Gentle Craft.	C
	Gyles Goose cap.	C
Abr. Cowly	Guardian.	C
Sir Iohn Suckling	Goblins.	C
Iohn Lilly	Gallathea.	C
Mr. S. Mr. of Art	Gammer Gurtons needle.	C
Geo. Gascoign	The Glasse of Government.	TC
Geo. Chapman	The Gentleman Usher.	C
Rob. Baron	Gripus & Hegio. Guise.	P

H

Will. Shakespear	HEnry the 4th 1st. part.	H
Will. Shakespear	Henry the 4th. 2d. part.	H
Will. Shakespear	Henry the 5th.	H
Will. Shakespear	Henry the 6th. 1st. part.	H
Will. Shakespear	Henry the 6th. 2d. part.	H
Will. Shakespear	Henry the 6th. 3d. part.	H
Will. Shakespear	Henry the 8th.	H
Will. Shakespear	Hamlet.	T
Iohn Fletcher	Humorous Lieutenant.	C
Iohn Fletcher	Humorous man for	C
Ben. Iohnson	Honor of Wales.	M
Ia. Shirley	Hide park.	C
Ia. Shirley	Humorous Courtier.	C
Geo. Chapman	Humorous dayes mirth.	C
Tho. Decker	Honest Whore, 1st. part.	C
Tho. Decker	Honest Whore, 2d. part.	C
Hen. Glapthorn	Hollander.	C
Shak. Marmion	Hollands Leaguer.	C
Tho. Nabs	Hannibal and Scipio.	T
	Hieronimo 2. part	T

	Histriomastix.	C
Markham & Sampson	Herod and Antipater.	T
	How to choose a good wife from a bad.	TC
Sir W. Lower	Horatius.	T
Tho. Randoll	Hey for honesty, down with knavery.	C
Tho. May	Heire.	TC
Iasper Heywood	Hercules furiens.	T
John Studly	Hyppolitus.	
John Studly	Hercules Oetus.	T
Edmond Prestwich	Hyppolitus.	T
	Hectors or false chalenge.	T C
	Henry the 5th. with the battel of Agencourt.	H
S. S.	The Honest Lawyer.	C
Iob. Day	Humour out of breath.	C
W. Smith	The Hector of Germany.	H
	Hieronymo 1st. part.	T
Rob. Taylor	Hog hath lost his pearl.	C
Sam. Daniel	Hymens Triumph.	P
Bernard	Heauton. in Ter.	C
Ia. Shirley	Honoria & Mamon	

I

Will. Shakespear	JOhn King of England.	H
Will. Shakespear	Julius Cæsar.	T
Iohn Fletcher	Island Princesse.	C
Lord Sterling	Julius Cæsar.	T
Cosmo Manuch.	Just General.	T
Ia. Shirley	Imposture.	TC
Tho. Heywood	Iron age First part.	TC H
Tho. Heywood	Iron age, Second part.	H
Rich. Brome	Jovial crew.	
Sir W. D'Avenant	Just Italian.	C
Chr. Marloe	Jew of Malta.	TC
Tho. Randoll	Jealous Lovers.	T
Sr. Ralph Freeman	Imperiale.	C
John Marston	Insatiate Countesse.	T T
	Jack Drums entertainment.	T
Io. Day	Isle of Guls.	
Geo. Gascoign	Jocasta.	T
Rob. Davenport	John and Matilda	T
Fra. Goldsmith	Joseph.	T
	Jacob and Esau.	C
Tho. Deckar	If this be'nt a good play, the Divel's in't.	C
Tho. Middleton	The Inner Temple Mask.	M
	Jack Strawes life and death.	H
	James the 4th.	H
Will. Shakespear	John K. of England 1st. part.	H
Will. Shakespear	John K. of England 2d. part.	H
	Iosephs afflictions	
	Jack Jugler.	
	Impatient poverty.	
	John Evangelist.	

John

K

John Fletcher	KIng and no King	C
John Fletcher	Knight of the burning pestle.	C
John Fletcher	Knight of Malta.	C
Ben. Johnson	Kings Entertainment at Welbeck.	M
J. D.	Knave in grain.	C
	King and Queens entertainment at Richmond.	M
	Knight of the Golden shield.	H
	Knack to know an honest man.	C
	Knack to know a Knave.	C

L

Will. Shakespeare	LOves Labour lost.	C
John Fletcher	Little French Lawyer.	C
John Fletcher	Loyal Subject.	C
John Fletcher	Lawes of Candy.	C
John Fletcher	Lovers progress.	C
John Fletcher	Loves Cure, or the Martial maid	C
John Fletcher	Loves pilgrimage.	C
	Lost Lady.	TC
Ben. Johnson	Loves triumph.	M
Ben. Johnson	Loves welcome.	M
Peaps	Love in its extasie.	P
Cosmo Manuch	Loyal lovers.	TC
Ja. Shirley	Loves cruelty.	T
Ja. Shirley	Lady of pleasure.	C
Tho. Heywood	Loves Mistresse.	M
Sir W. D'Avenant	Love and honour	C
John Ford	Lovers melancholy.	T
John Ford	Loves sacrifice.	T
John Ford	Ladies triall.	C
Hen. Glapthorne	Ladies priviledge	C
Ant. Brewer	Lovesick King.	TC
	Landagartha.	TC
	Loves Loadstone.	C
	Lingua.	C
	Loves dominion.	P
Abra. Cowly	Loves Riddle.	P
Rob. Goffersall	Lod. Sforza.	T
Heywood & Brome	Lancaster Witches.	C
Will. Shakespeare	Leir & his three daughters.	T
W. Cartwright	Lady Errant.	TC
R. W.	Three Lords and Ladies of London.	C

Chri-

Chr. Marloe	Lusts Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen.	T
Ulpian Fulwel	Like will to like, quoth the Divel.	I
R. Wever.	Lusty Juventus.	I
R. W.	The three Ladies of London.	C
John Tatham	Love crowns the end.	TC
Will. Shakespeare	The London prodigal.	C
Ioh. Day	Law tricks, or who would have thought it?	C
W. S.	Locrine Eldest son to K. Brutus.	T
W. Chamberlaine	Loves victory.	C
Tho Meriton	Love and war.	T
John Lilly	Loves Metamorphosis.	C
Rich. Brome	The Love-sick Court, or the Ambitious politick.	C
	The London Chaunticleers.	C
	Look about you, or run Red caps.	C
	Leir and his three daughters.	H
Tho. Lodge and Rob Green.	A Looking-glasse for London, &c.	H
	Liberality and Prodigality.	C
	Lady Almony.	C
	Luminalia.	M
	Lawes of Nature.	C

M

Will. Shakespear	MErry wives of Windsor.	C
Will. Shakespear	Measure for measure.	C
Will. Shakespear	Much adoe about nothing.	C
Will. Shakespear	Midsomer nights dream.	C
Will. Shakespear	Merchant of Venice.	C
Will. Shakespear	Mackbeth.	T
John Fletcher	Maid in the mill.	C
John Fletcher	Mask of Grayes Inne Gent.	M
Ben. Iohnson	Magnetick Lady.	C
Ben. Iohnson	Mask at my Lord Hayes house.	M
Ben. Iohnson	Metamorphosed Gipsies.	M
Ben. Johnson	Mask of Augurs.	M
Ben. Iohnson	Mask of Owles.	M
Ben. Johnson	Mortimer fall	T

Lord Brooks	Mustapha.	T
	Marcus Tullius Cicero.	T
Barten Holiday	Marriage of the Arts.	C
John Fletcher	Monsieur Thomas.	C
John Fletcher	Maids Tragedy.	T
Ia. Shirley	Maids Revenge.	T
Hen. Shirley	Martyr'd souldier.	T
Tho. Heywood	Maidenhead well lost.	C
Phil. Massinger	Maid of honour.	C
Tho. Middleton.	Mad world my masters.	C
Will. Rowly	Match at midnight.	C
Tho. Middleton	Michaelmas Term	C
Rich. Brome	Mad couple well match'd.	C
Geo. Chapman	Monsieur D'Olive.	C
Tho. Decker	Match me in London.	C
Will. Shakespear	Merry Divel of Edmonton.	C
Will. Shakespear	Lucidorus.	C
Tho. Nabs	Microcosmus.	M
Tho. Randall	Muses Looking-glasse.	C
John Mason	Muleasses the Turk.	T
	Mercurius Britannicus.	C
Geo. Wilkins	Miseries of enforced marriage.	TC
John Studley	Medea.	T
Nat. Richards	Messalina.	T
Iohn Lilly	Mydas.	C
John Lilly	Mother Bomby.	C
Sir W. Lower	Martyr.	T
	Massanello.	T
Geo. Chapman	May day.	C
John Marston	Malecontent.	TC
Rob. Baron.	Myrza.	T
	The Marriage of Wit and Science.	I
Tho. Middleton	More dissemblers than women.	C
Chr. Marloe	The massacre at Paris.	T
Edw. Sherburn	Medea.	T
W. W.	Menechmus.	C
Geo. Chapman	The Mask of the Middle Temple and Lincolns Inne.	M
La. Eliz. Carew	Mariam.	T
Tho. Lodge	Marius and Scilla.	T
John Lilly	Maids Metamorphosis.	C
J. C.	The Merry milkmaids.	C
Rob. Armin	The Maids of Moorclack.	H
J. S.	Masquarde du Ciel.	M
Rich. Fleckno	The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia.	M
Tho. Middleton	The Mayor of Quinborough.	T
	Manhood & Wisdome.	
	Mary Magdalens repentance.	
John Milton	Miltons Mask.	M

Noble

N

John Fletcher	NOble Gentleman.	C
John Fletcher	Nice Vallor, or the Passionate mad man.	C
Ben. Iohnson	Newes from the new world in the moon.	M
Ben. Johnson	Neptunes triumph.	M
John Fletcher	Night walker, or Little thief.	C
Phil. Massinger	New way to pay old debts.	C
Sam. Rowly	Noble Spanish souldier.	T
Rich. Brome	Northerne lasse.	C
Rich. Brome	Novella.	C
	Nero newly written.	T
Deckar & Webster	Northward hoe.	C
	Noble stranger.	C
	New trick to cheat the divel.	C
Ben. Johnson	New Inne.	C
	Nero's life and death.	T
	New Custome.	I
	No body and some body.	H
Rich. Brome	The New Academy, or the New Exchange.	C
	Nice wanton.	

O

Will. Shakespear	OThello Moor of Venice.	T
Ja. Shirley	Opportunity.	C
Midleton & Rowly	Old law.	C
Tho. Goffe	Orestes.	T
Will. Shakespeare	Old Castles life and death.	H
Alex. Nevile	OEdipus.	T
T. Nuce	Octavia.	T
VV. Cartwright	Ordinary.	C
Sir Aten Cockaine	Obstinate Lady.	C
Lod. Carlile	Osmond the great Turk, or the noble servant.	T
L. VV.	Orgula, or the Fatal Errour.	T
Tho. May	The old Couple.	C
	Orlando Furioso.	H
	Old wives tale.	

P

John Fletcher	PRopheteſſe.	C
John Fletcher	Pilgrim.	C
Hen. Killigrew.	Pallantus & Eudora.	T
Ben. Johnson	Pleasure recon-	M

Ben. Johnson	Pans Anniversary.	M
John Fletcher	Philaster.	C
Ja. Shirley	Polititian.	C
Ja. Shirley	Patrick for Ireland.	H
Phil. Massinger	Picture.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Platonick Lovers.	C
John Ford	Perkin Warbeck.	H
John Ford	Pitty shee's a Whore.	T
Will. Shakespear	Pericles Prince of Tyre.	H
Rob. Dawbourne	Poor mans comfort.	C
Tho. Middleton	Phænix.	C
Lod. Carlile	Pashonate Lovers 1st part.	TC
Lod. Carlile	Passionate Lovers 2d part.	TC
Will. Lower	Phænix in her Flames.	T
Geo. Gascoign	Pleasure at Kenelworth Castle.	M
Tho. Killigrew	Prisoners.	TC
Sam. Daniel	Phylotas.	T
James Howel	Peleus & Thetis.	M
Ben. Johnson	Poetaster.	C
J. S.	Phyllis of Scyros.	P
Jo. Day	The Parliament of Bees.	M
	The Pedlars prophesie.	C
John Heywood	A Play of love.	I
John Heywood	The Play of the Weather.	I
John Heywood	A Play between Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, &c.	I
Joh. Heywood	A Play between the Pardoner and the Frier, the Curate and Neighbour Prat.	I
Joh. Heywood	A Play of Gentlenesse and Nobility &c. the 1st part.	I
John Heywood	A Play of Gentlenesse and Nobility, &c. the 2d part.	I
Will. Shakespeare	The Puritan widow.	C
	The Pinner of Wakefield.	C
	Philotas Scotch.	C
H. H. B.	Plutus.	C
	Patient Grissel.	C
	Patient Grissel old.	C
	Promises of God manifested.	
	Promus and Cassandra, 2 parts.	
	Plutimio in Terence.	C
	Presbyterian Lash.	TC

Q.

John Fletcher	Queen of Corinth.	C
Will. Habington.	Queen of Arragon.	TC
	Queen, or the excellency of her sex.	C
Sam. Daniel	Queenes Arcadia.	P
Rich. Brome	Queens-Exchange	C
Rich. Brome	The Queen and Concubine.	C

R

Will. Shakespeare	Richard the second.	H
Will. Shakespeare	Richard the 3d.	H
Will. Shakespeare	Romeo and Juliet.	T
Geo. Chapman	Revenge for honour.	T
Iohn Fletcher	Rule a wife, and have a wife.	C
Ia. Shirley	Royal master.	C
Tho. Heywood	Royal King, and Loyal subject.	C
Tho. Heywood	Rape of Lucreece.	T
Phil. Massinger	Roman Actor.	T
Phil. Massinger	Renegado.	C
Tho. Goffe	Raging Turk.	T
Tho. Rawlins	Rebellion.	T
Cyrill Tourneur	Revengers Tragedy.	T
Lo. Carrey	Ram Ally, or Merritricks.	C
	Return from Parnassus.	C
Pet. Hausted	Rival friends.	C
Ra. Knevet	Rhodon and Iris.	P
W. Cartwright	Royal slave.	TC
	Robert Earl of Huntingdon's down-fall.	H
	Ro. Earl of Huntington's death.	H
John Tateham	The Rump, or a Mirror, &c.	C
	Reward for virtue.	C
Tho Middleton	Roaring Girle.	
	Robin Hoods pastoral May-games.	
	Robin conscience	

S

Iohn Fletcher	Spanish Curate.	C
Iohn Fletcher	Sea voyage.	C
Ben. Johnson	Staple of Newes.	C
Tho. Denham	Sophy.	T
Ben. Johnson	Sad shepherd.	C

John Fletcher	Scornful Lady.	C
Ia. Shirley	School of complements.	C
Ia. Shirley	Sisters.	C
Tho. Heywood	Silver age.	H
Rich. Brome	Sparagus Garden.	C
Tho. Goffe	Selimus.	T
Tho. Nabs	Springs glory.	M
	Swetnam the woman-hater arraigned.	C
	Sophister.	C
Rob. Chamberlain	Swaggering damsel.	C
	Sicelides.	P
I. G.	Strange Discovery.	TC
	Suns darling.	P
Iohn Tateham	Scots Figaries.	C
Geo. Gascoign	Suppoſes.	C
Ioſ. Hutter	Sheppards Holy day.	P
John Marſton.	Sophonisba.	T
Iohn Lilly	Sapho and Phao.	C
Will. Rowly	Shoomaker a Gentleman.	C
Ben. Iohnſon	Sejanus.	T
Ben. Iohnſon	Silent woman.	C
W. Cartwright	Siedge, or loves convert.	TC
Sir W. D'Avenant	The Siege of Rhodes.	M
Midleton & Rowly	The Spaniſh Gipſies.	C
	Solimon & Perſeda.	C
	Stukelyes life and death.	H
Tho. Naſh	Summers laſt will and teſtament.	C
	See me and ſee me not.	C
Walt. Mountague	The Sheppards Paradiſe.	C
Sir John Suckling	The ſad one.	T
	The Spaniſh Bawd.	TC
	Suſanna's teares.	
	Salmacida ſpolia.	I

T

Will. Shakeſpear	Tempeſt.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Twelf night or what you will.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Taming of the ſhrew.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Troylus & Creſida.	T
Will. Shakeſpear	Titus Andronicus.	T
Will. Shakeſpear	Tymon of Athens	T
Ben. Iohnſon	Tale of a tub.	C
Ben. Iohnſon	Time vindicated to himſelf and to his honors.	M
John Fletcher	Thierry & Theodoret.	T
John Fletcher	Two noble kinſmen.	TC
Ia. Shirley	Traytor.	T
Ia. Shirley	Triumph of peace	M

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Ia. Shirley	Triumph of beauty.	M
Tho. Midleton	Trick to catch the old one.	C
Tho. Nabs	Totenham Court	C
W. Rider	Twins.	TC
	True Trojans.	H
Jasper Heywood	Thyestes.	T
Jasper Heywood	Troas.	T
Tho. Newton	Thebais.	T
	Tamburlaine first part.	T
	Tamburlaine 2d part.	T
Geo. Wapull	The tide tarrieth no man.	C
W. Wager	The longer thou liv'st, the more fool thou art.	C
	Tom Tyler and his Wife.	I
	The trial of chivalry.	C
W. D'Avenant	The temple of love.	M
Day W. Rowly and Wilkins	The travailes of the three English brothers, Shirleys.	H
Robert Wilmot	Tancred and Gismond.	T
Robert Yarington	Two tragedies in one.	T
Geo. Chapman	Two wisemen & all the rest fools.	C
Sir Aston Cokain	Trappolin supposed a Prince.	TC
	Tyrannical Government.	
	Thersites.	I
G. Chapman	Temple.	M
S. Pordidge	Troades.	T
	Trial of treasure.	
Webster & Rowly	Thracian wonder	H

V

John Fletcher	Valentinian.	T
Ben. Johnson	Vision of Delight.	M
Sir W. D'Avenant	Unfortunate Lovers.	T
Phil. Massinger	Unnatural combat.	T
Phil. Massenger	Very woman.	C
Phil. Massinger	Virgin Martyr.	T
Tho. Nabs	Unfortunate mother.	T
R. A.	Valiant Welchman.	T
Fr. Quarles	Virgin widow.	C
Will. Sampson	Vow-breaker.	T
	Valiant Scot.	T
W. Earl of Newcastle.	Varieties.	C
Tho. Deckar	Untrussing the Humorous Poet.	C
Sam. Brandon	The Virtuous Octavia.	TC

W

Will. Shakespear.	Winters Tale	C
John Fletcher	Womans prize or	C

John Fletcher	Women pleas'd.	C
John Fletcher	Wife for a month	C
John Fletcher	Wit at several weapons.	C
Iohn Fletcher	Wild Goose chase.	C
Midleton & Rowly	Widow.	C
Iohn Fletcher.	Woman hater.	C
Iohn Fletcher	VVit without money.	C
Ia. Shirly	Witty fair one.	C
Ia. Shirly	Wedding.	C
Tho. Heywood	Woman kild with kindnesse.	C
Sam. Rowly	When you see me you know me.	H
Will. Rowly	Wonder a woman never vex't	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Wits.	C
John Webster	White Devil.	T
Tho. Decker	Whore of Babylon.	C
Tho. Decker	Wonder of a Kingdome.	C
Hen. Glapthorne	Wit in a Constable.	C
Decker & Webster	Westward hoe.	C
	Weakest goes to wall.	C
	Woman will have her will.	C
	Wily beguil'd.	C
	Wine, beer, ale, and tobacco.	I
John Marston	What you will.	C
Tho. Heywood	Wise woman of Hogsdon.	C
Geo. Chapman	Widows teares.	C
Tho. Middleton.	World lost at tennis.	M
Tho. Iordan	The walks of Islington and Hogsd	C
Tho. Middleton	Women beware women.	T
Tho. Middleton	Wit / No Help } like a womans	C
Nat. Field	A Woman's a weathercock.	C
	The Wit of a woman.	C
Tho. Meriton	The Wandring lover.	TC
Decker & Webster	Wiats History.	H
Rowly, Decker & Ford.	The Witch of Edmonton.	TC
John Lilly	The Woman in the moon.	C
Rich. Brome	The Wedding of the Covent Garden, or the Middlesex Justice of &c.	C
	Warning for fair women.	T
	VVealth & health	

Y

Ia. Shirley	YOung Admiral.	C
Will. Shakespear	Yorkshire tragedy	T
Tho. Middleton	Your five Gallants.	C

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